Morning Oregonian.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Declarations of Wisdom Leaders in America.

Men Torn to Pieces by a Boiler Explosion in Illinois.

Monopolists Call for a Convention to Organize a New Party.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 9.—Leo Hartmann, the Bloomfield, who arrived in this city on company with other men, four of whom are known to be men, speaks freely of the revolutionary movement in his native country. He denied that nihilists were suppressed, and declared that the czar of the czar would not take place on the 27th. The reason the czar could at present move one point to another in safety was because district was under complete police surveillance and filled with spies. The nihilists pretend to be simply because they failed to him. The hour for action, however, was fixed by a provisional chief, and recognized by the leaders. His action in the socialist movement is that it was simply that of a Russian nihilist when in fact a propaganda society. The nihilists are composed of persons living in all conditions, the most when necessary, then action is not binding. The organization exists in all parts of Europe.

Monopolists to Organize a New Party.

DENVER, Feb. 9.—A call signed by known anti-monopolists from all parts of this country, for a general conference for the creation of a new party, has been issued, and the conference will meet here to-day. The conference will have on the 4th of July, each basis of four delegates from each congressional district, and each territory a vote from the District of Columbia. The principle on which the party is to be organized and conducted is the overthrow of the present system of monopoly and the restoration of the government to the people. The call is signed by the following gentlemen: F. W. Pitzel, president of the Anti-Monopoly party of Colorado; G. A. Hills, secretary of the Anti-Monopoly party of San Francisco; John T. Doyle, Park, Cal.; Dr. Geo. Hamelin, president of the Monopoly League of Cal.; Alexander B. Paul, Mass.; Hiram C. Cobb, Echo, Wilson, M. D., Paris C. Turner, of San Francisco, and seventy

Rubber Manufactories Closed.

TOMS, Feb. 9.—A private meeting of rubber manufacturers was held at the Astor house yesterday which were present fifteen representatives of companies in the United States. The conference discussed the question of the policy of forming a consolidated rubber company, so include all the best companies, and thus control the supply of crude rubber. The meeting adjourned without coming to any definite conclusion, but the representatives decided to leave the matter in the hands of the manufacturers, who should call a meeting in accordance with the plans that should be made at this meeting. The object of the meeting is to control the supply of crude rubber, and thus control the price of manufactured goods. The meeting was held in the Astor house yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a number of the leading manufacturers of rubber goods in the United States. The meeting was held in the Astor house yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a number of the leading manufacturers of rubber goods in the United States. The meeting was held in the Astor house yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a number of the leading manufacturers of rubber goods in the United States.

Kansas Bank Failures.

TOPEKA, Feb. 9.—The chamber of commerce has received from the president an the subject of the importation of American beasts of prey. The special states the order has been issued by the British government are [illegible] reasonable ground for [illegible] of American beasts of prey [illegible] and that [illegible] satisfactory [illegible] satisfactory [illegible] satisfactory

The Daily Oregonian.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 20, 1864

THE REPUBLICAN CAUSE IN THE ASCENDANT.

The impression is gaining ground throughout the country that Ohio will furnish the first great battle ground, all preliminary skirmishing, if not in, then coming, the result of the next national contest. Ohio politics consequently, have come to be national ones. Never in the history of the party in Ohio has its future looked more gloomy than after the general elections of last November. Many causes combined to present a combination of desperate and almost difficult of conquering than any of the others and who has battled and bled. In addition to apparent irreconcilable differences among party leaders, there was an equally dangerous difference upon two questions, on neither of which did it seem possible to form an agreement which would lead to a political success. The salient difficulty appeared to be not simply that of harmonizing conflicting views, enough to win upon, but of selecting, even upon the hypothesis of unconditional and perfect harmony, any view which could carry the existing discontent, and regain the lost votes.

One of those questions was, of course, that of the tariff and revenue. The necessity of an immediate and material reduction of the revenue was apparent, and the fearful cost of the failure to do so before the election was in less clear. But equally manifest was the inability of the party, as a party, to agree upon any method of reduction; and the fact that the democratic party was similarly divided did not help them at all. The popular discontent over an unremedied evil inevitably attaches to the party in power, and takes no account of the equal inability of the opposition to agree upon a remedy. The double-headed danger which hung, therefore, like a millstone about the republican neck, was the probability that no tariff and revenue bill could be passed at all, and the equal probability that any conceivable tariff and revenue bill would lose them a great many more votes than it would gain. This danger is not wholly past, and it will without doubt be the serious issue in the next campaign.

Another vital question was that of the liquor traffic, which, while not so general in its nature, was scarcely less generally in effect, by reason that it seemed to control the political destiny of the state. And the difficulty presented by this liquor question was identical with that of the tariff and revenue. Conceding that the many men of many minds could agree upon any policy, there did not seem to be any policy for them to agree upon which would retrieve the lost ground. So long as the liquor question remained a factor in politics, any course with regard to it seemed equally fatal to republican hopes. A leaning toward free liquor and beer would swell the prohibitionist vote to 50,000 or 60,000, and inevitably lose the state. On the other hand, a prohibitory attitude would leave the Germans where they were in November last, while it was feared that any medium position would alike disgust both of the above mentioned factions.

But wise councils, it is thought, will prevail. There is little doubt that Sherman's policy on the liquor question will be ultimately adopted. In brief, his theme is that the republicans should firmly decline to consider the liquor question as a political one; and that the means by which it should be presently eliminated from politics is the submission to the popular vote of a constitutional amendment giving the legislature full control over the liquor traffic. Only this an nothing more, save a hint that the legislature, once so empowered, might with propriety try the system of local option. This, of course, meets with opposition on either hand. Those responsible for the legislation of last year and its consequences are bravely shouting that it will not do to turn back now, and that the battle must be fought out on the same line. On the other hand, those in favor of a license law, and believing that one can be framed which will stand the constitutional test, and asserting, with equal vigor, that "something affirmative must be done," and the Sherman policy of doing nothing will prove a failure. But in spite of this sort of talk the Sherman policy is gaining ground daily. One of the most noticeable peculiarities exhibited by the republican party during its nearly thirty years of active life has been its remarkable facility for getting into trouble in times of prosperity, and its marvelous recuperative faculty of getting together again in the hour of adversity. Many times since the close of the war, even those most familiar with its wonderful vitality, and with the political sagacity which the moment of need has been wont to arouse in the minds of its leaders, as steel strikes fire from the flint, it has seemed that the party must go down; and yet, when the contest came on which the grand prize of national control was fully staked, the discipline and the brains of the organization has reasserted themselves and victory have been wrested out of the very jaws of defeat. So will it be in Ohio. Her personal troubles are ended, the liquor question is practically out of the way, and only the tariff cloud remains to darken the political sky.

THE HOTEL.

The sentiment among business men is almost, if not quite, unanimous in favor of selling the Central school block to the Terminal Company for a hotel site. Reporters of THE OREGONIAN called at random yesterday upon men of affairs in the business street, and found but three men who opposed accepting the offer now before the school board. The opportunity is indeed a rarely favorable one. Seldom do cities find outside capitalists offering to establish for them the enterprise they most need. We learn from private sources that the Terminal Company proposes, if their offer be accepted, to put up a building to cost half a million of dollars, and that it will be done as quickly as it is possible to perform so great and substantial a work. It cannot be that Portland will decline this offer.

Messrs. E. V. Smalley and H. J. Winser, both well known in Oregon and Washington, have begun the publication in New York of *The Northwest*, a monthly journal "devoted to the development of the two northwestern states and territories." Its mission is to furnish accurate news concerning the settlement and general development of the entire belt of country tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad, its branches and its allied roads in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, and it will be the recognized medium of communication between the management of the Villard railroads and the holders of their securities and the public generally. The first number just received, is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is just double the size of the *Argonaut*. The subscription price of *The Northwest* is $1 a year, and the principal business and editorial office is in Mills' Building, Broad street, New York.

The plan of the Mississippi river commission, which consists in making an ideal river, seems to meet with much favor along the great stream, always excepting the learned editors of Cincinnati. The opinion in New Orleans seems to be practically unanimously against the outlet system, and that should count for something, because New Orleans will be the first place to suffer from any inundations caused by the closure of some outlets. On the other hand, the plan of the commission will awallow money by the ten million. But even this may be borne, provided navigation is made safe channel, and the people along the Mississippi are satisfied. I must be admitted, also, that the plans of the commission have a indirect reference to the riparian owners, and that the latter act on their peril when they erect in places likely to be inundated from time to time.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

New projects and extensive railroad [illegible] people's attention in the Atlantic states will be watched with much interest. It is evident that the [illegible] have passed away, and many [illegible] are now [illegible] the development of [illegible] large sums [illegible] and many will [illegible] would [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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...Liverpool, Portland, for J. & ...
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...JANION & SON,
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...give constant shipments of
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...Liverpool, direct,
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...rehold Coal,
...Fig Iron, Fire Bricks, Eng...
...Cuttings, Soda Ash,
...Rods,
...Sand Roofing Tin Plate, Black ...
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...ntines!
...Valentines
...H. S. J...
...OF ALL KI...
...er, Gauze and Satin Ma...
...and Bullion Fringe, M...
...Spangles and Beads...
...d Roller Skates...
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...IRD CAGES,
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...AM BECK & SO...
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...Wine & Liquor Deal...
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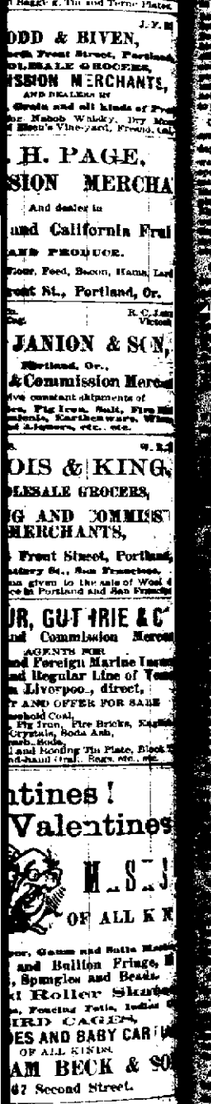

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The Daily Oregonian.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 10, 1883.

CITY.

BRILLIANT EVENT.—The ...
...a police whistle in the corner of First and Morrison ...
...streets, about ... o'clock ...
...a crowd of people ... down Morrison street ... the ...
...going down to the corner of First street ... found ...
...found the cause of all ... saloon ... a chair and a man ... the ...
...influence of liquor ... the ... and ... wound in his head. ... standing near by ... all ... the worst ... all ... the ...
...city, causing an ... to ... street. The latter ... the ... ...
...cause of the ... struck him ... the ...
...inserting him ... was ... ...
...insane; that ... was ... was ... was ... ...
...was arrested; ... was ... ...
...escaped, but ... Blood ... his ... Soon ... ...
...Soon he ... ...
...ambulance and ... ...
...Soon ... ...
...cause an ... ...
...he had ... ...
...He is a young ... ...
...only the fear of ... ...
...still greater ... ...
...place of confinement ... ...
...house it will be for ... community.

RURAL PARALYZED.—The ... ...
...into the auditor's office ... the ...
...the wasteland has made ... ...
...suitable for the past few days. ... ...
...rips of a plumber were called ... ...
...stop the trouble. The ... ...
...and means coming to ... and ... the ...
...basement of the chemical ... and ...
...much, the members ... ...
...about city will be ... ...
...the city will ... ...
...there will now ... ...
...we will have to levy an ... ...
...to pay the plumber. ... ...
...passed that the bill ... ...
...stopping sewage pass, he ...
...stated the question by ... ...
...disposed of by ... ...
...about that the owner of the ... ...
...the bill."

BOWELL'S CLEAN-UP.—The ... realized by ...
...sale of the little ... ...
...Bowell was as follows: ... ...
...first 30, leaving ... ...
...was divided equally between ... ...
...Bowell, giving each the snug sum of $13,175 60. ...
...Mrs. R. Bowell, ...
...The property was ... ...
...Bowell will receive one-third the rents of the ...
...Bowell during her life time, if she can get it ...
...Bowell will enter ... ...
...Bowell by defending ... ...
...Bowell by collecting traveling expenses, etc., from ...
...Bowell recently ... from Bowell, it leaves him ...
...Bowell $60,000 for about six years' labor, and he has ...
...Bowell every cent of the money.

A BAD CASE.—A man and his wife, residents of ...
...Lane county, arrived in the city yesterday ...
...of their daughter, a girl of 16 years, who ...
...deserted her home and it was feared had em...
...barked on a life of shame. After considerable search ...
...Andrews found the girl in the Sherlock ...
...and took her to her parents at the police ...
...They asked her to return home with them, ...
...she agreed to do so, and said she would go and ...
...pack up her clothes. She was permitted to go, but ...
...instead of coming back she secreted herself and has ...
...not since been seen. She is evidently determined ...
...to pursue the downward path.

COLD BATH.—The freezing up of water pipes ...
...around here has caused many annoyances. Yester...day morning Constituent Wolfe, not hearing the ...
...water running in the basement of the National hotel, ...
...forming out of bed, and walked out to see what was the ...
...matter. On stepping into the kitchen he found ...
...himself in water ankle deep and his bare feet slip...ping on a puddle of water around the room. ...
...The cause ... was ... and righted. It ...
...was found that the waste pipe had frozen up, and ...
...hence what ... Enough ice was ...
...taken out to keep the house running all summer, if it ...
...should become necessary.

MEETING OF OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Wil...lamette Rowing club held last evening at St. An...drew's hall the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. G. McDonald; vice president, L. L. Maxwell; captain, C. F. Stites; treas...urer, H. G. Morgan; deputy captain, A. B. Sanders; directors, H. G. McDonald, L. L. Maxwell, C. F. Stites, John Gill, C. O. Morgan, A. B. Sanders, Chas. Hart, C. S. Dunbar. The club ...has 40 active members. They have ordered ...several paper shell, and contemplate or...dering one single and one double.

PERSONAL.—Lost Monday Thos. Pound, ...of Lebanon, fell down stairs at the Nor...thern Pacific ... was boarding, and was render...ed unconscious. ... by Dr. Wells showed ...a fracture of the ... of the brain. He ...died yesterday morning, when he died. He ...was about ... years ago from ... He has a wife and ... children residing ...

...Mrs. Jennie Wise, ... Monday ... ...
...Mrs. Wise ... ...
...Mrs. Wise ... ...
...Mrs. Wise

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 16, 1883.

MASTER AND VALET.

Some years ago a certain Sir Lionel Cranbourne, St. Germains, was considered to have married beneath his station. He married the daughter of a foreign banker, and was considered by his friends to have married for money.

The lovely marquise, Countess de Sagpignard, had always been a favorite with the ladies of the aristocratic circle in which she moved, and was considered by them to be a most charming woman. She was a leader of fashion, and possessed the unique faculty of being admired by her own sex as well as by the other. Her husband, the marquis, was also a favorite in society, and was considered a most fortunate man in his choice of a wife. Although he was not a member of the English aristocracy, he was received on terms of equality by the highest in the land, and possessed the entrée to the most exclusive circles. He was a man of fine appearance, and was considered a most desirable parti for the fair daughters of the English nobility. He was a widower when he married the beautiful Miss Sherbet, and had been left with one child, a daughter, who was the heiress to a large fortune. Miss Sherbet was the only daughter of a rich banker, who had died when she was but a child, and left her sole guardian and trustee her father, Sir Lionel Cranbourne. The marriage of Miss Sherbet with the marquis was considered a most brilliant match, and was hailed with delight by the friends of both families.

The marquis

The Daily Oregon

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB.

MASTER AND VA

Several years ago there lived on St. Germain a gentleman of wealth and been for centuries in the family ... nard.

The present marquis, for reasons ... had altered it to suit his own ... buried in the city. He never saw ... his valet, Antoine Sherlock, on whom ... and became so was supposed by him ... close, to be treated him as a not familiarity, which, under ... he would have scorned to do.

Antoine Sherlock did not live in ... but in a neat little cottage at the end ... den. He had a very beautiful wife, ... was intensely jealous, and guarded ... fully as keepers guard their animals ... the danger be of a rich husband. H... her father's groom, and she fell ... him, which so enraged her father ... pelled her to choose between them ... her lover and her father banished ... presence forever.

For a whole year Antoine succeeded stealing his treasure from the ... Sherbet had her own garden to w... whenever she went beyond it, it ... husband who took care never to ... rection where they could risk meeti... quis. Every day Antoine always ... that had transpired, all about the ... all about the chateau. It was his ... of the grander and magnificence ... arrangements which interested her.

Antoine had often said that it on... mistress to complete it. Mme. She... to imagine a mistress at the head ... table, queen of her little world, ... beloved husband. Then she began to ... self in such a position, and for the ... was guilty of a feeling of repulsion ... husband.

Poor Antoine was totally unconscious ... this, for there was no outward ch... wife. After the sacrifice she had ... ceasing to marry him, he never d... her love and constancy. Though ... had never seen Antoine's wife, a... servants had, and one day he overh... of their gossip.

"Where could Antoine have found ... wife?" said one.

"She is so beautiful, so ... ished," replied the other.

This was enough to rouse the ma... osity, and he determined to see his ... He made some trifling excuse to cal... urbs one morning before his usual ... summer to the chateau. Antoine, ... plainly disconcerted. They were ... when the marquis unceremoniously ... and Antoine could not avoid the ... ing. But his face was chimagined ... and annoyance, especially when ... marquis' earnest, inquiring look at ...

The marquis was shrewd enough ... about the situation, but he was ... to inappropriate any accusation ... servants, the wife of his valet; ... him that the mystery interesting his ... new husband's conversation upon the ... gardens, the marquis and Antoine ... together.

"Antoine, why have you ... said he, looked up like a bird in a ... such a visit? Her life must be very ... under arrest. All this time we ... you, for some amusement ;"

"Monsieur," said Antoine very ra... "that is true. Allow us the pri... absence. He lives in our way. I ... should best approve me for our ... "Ah, and with me it is different; I ... and old bachelor, while she is a beaut... woman with all the years of ... without offense, how was came ...

"Would me the honor to choose ... friends with mingled pride and ... the grandchildren of the world ... against her great love for m... the marquis patted him on the sh...

"Antoine, my garçon, you a... jealous."

"Monsieur, could I be jea... sir," said he, said through his sh... would kill my rival, were he the ...

At this time they had reached the ... conversation stopped. But ... Antoine mind was gone. He was a ... somewhat, a week later when th... to send him with commission ... leave him the hope that he w... of his solitary life, and would a... he had been compelled to ... absorbed by the amusement ... went to Paris or his last ot... last in the evening. The ... in the chateau. So Antoine ... light which usually g... not shining from the ... Antoine seen made a light ... everything at Clara's dog ... John had passed so joyously ... with him but a few days ...

He went back to the ... of mine enough ... at night, left in charge of the ... the marqui had gone ... The next day, with a ... Antoine loosed up h... the joy at the chateau ... At first, that when he shou... remembery, or the cruel h... the pride and jealousy of ... around. He now saw w... went to Paris. A sort of fre... which things over it.

"I wish I could kill my rival, and ... Clara. "Every time his wife was devoted ... the Marquis de Gaspignard. ... would eventually come back to ... Antoine's business. His bookkeeper ... Antoine's duties to the ... Antoine had De Gaspignard ... At last he served in a family ... and invited him to dinner. ... Antoine evening at length arrive... house was on guard, and the Gaspi... stage arrived; he rushed up ... door to be sure of accosting ... He few seconds in the dinner, but not before he ... has flavored the shrimp salad with soup and ... and the meats with a dash of apple or cranberry ... sauce intended for the game. occasionally he ... has been known to breathe on a glass before ... wiping it, and he frequently polishes a plate ... with his gravy-besprinkled coat sleeve.

The loud-voiced waiter, the deaf waiter, the ... waiter with a powerful breath and who always ... bends low to catch an order, the waiter whose ... nose is constantly receiving attention from his ... fingers, the soup-spilling waiter, the waiter who ... drops sugar on the meat, and the saucy waiter ... who wants to know if you want the meat before ... it is cooked, are all common types of the fiends ... who make the lives of restaurant customers ... miserable.

There is one really good waiter in San Francisco. He works in a small restaurant in a ... rather out-of-the-way part of town, but is so ... great an attention that the place is always ... crowded. Man fight for a seat at one of the ... tables he attends to and will wait half an hour ... to secure his services. The salary he commands ... is enormous and is better off than the porter ... of a sleeping car. His splendid example has ... done much to soften the natures of his fellow ... waiters, and if he would only establish a training ... school for waiters he would confer an unequaled boon on the restaurant-frequenting ... people of San Francisco. To mention his name ... would be sure to spoil him, so the public will ... have to hunt him up for themselves. He will ... probably die before he has attained the zenith ... of his usefulness, for such phenomena are seldom long-lived.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

How the Ohio Folks are Reinventing a Prehistoric Race.

Popular Science Monthly for February.

About ten miles from Cincinnati, along the little Miami river, is a locality which has long been known to the country people as the "Pottery Field." The ground was strewed with fragments of pottery, bones, arrow-points and other remains of like character, and the place was generally considered to be the site of an ancient workshop. The primitive forest still occupies the locality, and is made up of oak, beech, elm, walnut, etc. All around are found numerous mounds or tumuli, most of them small. A few of these were opened by Mr. Florian Gianque in 1876, and some interesting shells found. But in 1878, Dr. Charles Metz and other gentlemen interested in archæology commenced a systematic exploration of the country thereabouts, and so much has been found that we are enabled to form some idea of

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1883.

THE BALLET GIRL.

With complexion like the r...
And the snows...
Due to powder on her nose,
Using none.
She twirls light in her line
In abbreviated clothing,
And exhibits opinions of her
Tights and limbs.

When cruel Time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
Graces,
And murmurs mutely as
To the very kindliest foes,
To protest and pose
With the "crows"—

When life frazed and failed grows,
Like her bread,
She in garret sits and sews
Furbelows,
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose.
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows!

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE MODERN WAITER.

Glimpse of Every-Day Life in the Famous Restaurants of San Francisco.

"COMING, SIR, COMING."

A Free Lance Discourseth on the Knights of Soiled Napkin and Greasy Thumb—A Phenomenon of Politeness.

From the Breeder and Sportsman.

The average San Francisco man of business who is not married, and many of the married ones too, find the most convenient way to live is to reside in apartments and eat at a restaurant. Some visit the same restaurant day in day, while others have a large number of favorite houses, which they visit when they happen to fancy the special dish for which each dish is famous. The man who eats habitually at restaurants is in the habit of boasting of his independence. He laughingly says that there is no unalterable dinner or lunch hour to interfere with his business, and talks in a pitying manner of the poor fellows who have to be at home by six P. M., or put up with cold fish and no soup. This a delusion and a snare a miserable fraud, as hollow a pretence as that of the man who goes off and gets full, and then brags about what a good time he had. The regular restaurant feeder is not a happy man; he is the slave of the hash provider, and a mark for the malignant despotism of the waiters. Man, as a waiter, is a failure. No matter whether black or white, French, American, Irish, German, Pole or Russian, all waiters possess the art of making a customer miserable, though nearly all go about their work in a different manner. The waiter who insists upon giving his customers what they did not order is of so common a type, and has been warned of the evil of his ways so often, that it is not now necessary to speak of him as a distinct type of the annoying waiter.

A common well-known type of waiter is the high-toned supercilious garcon, who under cover of the most effusive politeness can make himself as insulting and offensive as a drunken man in a ball-room. The instant a guest enters he hands a chair and with a lofty wave of his hand and a whisk of his greasy napkin motions to the guest to sit down. When that manœuvre is completed he calmly throws the napkin over his left arm, turns his back to the guest and assumes a contemplative mood, gazing steadily at the ceiling. To a cough, "ahem" or a quietly spoken "waiter" he pays no attention and to get his notice he has to put forth all his powers of "s-s-i-t-e-r" in a tone loud enough to call a crowd up to an auction. In answer to an inquiry as to what he has got for dinner he replies that he will get the bill of fare and in ten minutes, more or less, returns with a greasy document only to discover that it was made out the day before. This is his usual course with gentlemen in hurry. If he chances across a quiet easy-going old fellow who wants to spend an hour dining he will pile soup, fish, entrees, joints, vegetables, dessert, cheese and black coffee on the table as rapidly as a smart bricklayer could stand up bricks. His great delight is to detect a guest mispronouncing the name of some dish on the bill of fare. The style in which he remarks "oh, you mean on trays" in reply to a request for "entrees" makes a guest feel as if he has committed a fault of the most heinous kind. He makes the correction loud enough for every one to hear and all the other waiters assist in crushing the customer by snickering loudly. Ask him for more bread and butter, and he will bring enough to feed a regiment and dump it on the table with the air of an overseer of the poor bestowing municipal charity. The best way to treat a waiter of this kind is to call one of the other waiters for some trifling article and slip a coin in his hand, making sure that the supercilious waiter sees you hand over the fee. He will act like a Christian during the balance of the meal, and one can have a quiet revenge by simply saying that he has no hands down but, coat and cape at the end of the meal.

Another kind of waiter nearly as offensive as this one, is the fussy, over-attentive waiter who hovers around one's chair, snatches plates before they are empty and brings a dozen things that are not asked for, and not wanted. He always puts garlic in the salad and apologizes offensively when informed that the customer does not like garlic and winds up the sum of his guilt by bringing Limburger cheese to the man whose stomach is upset by the merest smell of the odorous compound. He means well, but does too much. Instead of daring to reprove him for fear of hurting his feelings and going day to day the customer goes on accumulating a stock of dyspepsia and all nature from eating things he did not want and abstaining from the food for which his stomach craves.

Then there is the unctuously waiter. He always puts his thumb inside the bowl of soup, and, before bringing bread in his hands, which have been toying with a clove of garlic or a bunch of onions. He occasionally forgets that a napkin is not a pocket handkerchief, and then in absent-minded fashion wipes out a plate, cup or glass with the soiled linen. Having thus effectively removed the customer's appetite, he brings on the dinner, but not before he has flavored the shrimp salad with soup and ans the meats with a dash of apple or cranberry sauce intended for the game. occasionally he has been known to breathe on a glass before wiping it, and he frequently polishes a plate with his gravy-besprinkled coat sleeve.

The loud-voiced waiter, the deaf waiter, the waiter with a powerful breath and who always bends low to catch an order, the waiter whose nose is constantly receiving attention from his fingers, the soup-spilling waiter, the waiter who drops sugar on the meat, and the saucy waiter who wants to know if you want the meat before it is cooked, are all common types of the fiends who make the lives of restaurant customers miserable.

There is one really good waiter in San Francisco. He works in a small restaurant in a rather out-of-the-way part of town, but is so great an attention that the place is always crowded. Man fight for a seat at one of the tables he attends to and will wait half an hour to secure his services. The salary he commands is enormous and is better off than the porter of a sleeping car. His splendid example has done much to soften the natures of his fellow waiters, and if he would only establish a training school for waiters he would confer an unequaled boon on the restaurant-frequenting people of San Francisco. To mention his name would be sure to spoil him, so the public will have to hunt him up for themselves. He will probably die before he has attained the zenith of his usefulness, for such phenomena are seldom long-lived.

A MEXICAN BULL-RING.

How the Banderillos and Matadors keep up the National Sport.

AN AFTERNOON IN MONTERY.

Tantoring a Bull for the Pleasure of the People and Killing him at the End of the Performance—How it is Done in Mexico.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes:

The plaza de toros or bull-ring of Monterey is not an imposing specimen of its class. Seen from the streets it presents the appearance of an enclosure of inside some eighteen feet high. In reality these walls are faced to a strong scaffolding of poles, which support the seats on the inside and serve as a shelter from the cold winds which sometimes blow in winter time. In the low stone wall that separates the plaza from the seats are two openings leading to the two opposite corners of seats to the staple article known respectively as Sol and Sombra. Sol means the sun, and if you choose to put up with the discomfort of sitting in the full fierce blaze of that luminary while the performance lasts you can witness it for the sum of two reals, about twenty five cents. If you think you can get more comfort in the shade, where dust has also not obscured from the sun by the adobe fences around it, and their houses by a canvas awning, you can have it.

Passing through the gate of the corridors and through a square opening cut in the roofs of the edifices one finds himself in the hollow space under the tiers of seats. Up a ladder on the right one soon lands on a platform of boards some eight or nine feet wide running entirely round the amphitheatre at a height of two feet or so from the ground. On the platform are three or four rows of much wider benches. From the outer edge of it and reaching to the ground are several descending tiers of rough but strong steps. Between the lowest of those seats and the ring proper, or "arena," is a space of five feet. The ring itself is formed of stout posts set in the ground about two feet apart, with equally stout poles fastened to them horizontally, to a height of about eight feet, a space of some half foot being left between each pole. The arena is about 130 feet in diameter. At one side of it are large wooden folding gates, through which the bull-fighters enter and the ring which the bull makes his exit, dead or alive. At the side of the big gates is a narrow gate, closing the entrance to a narrow pen just wide enough to admit a bull. Into this the bull is driven, preparatory to making his entrance into the arena, by a rope or lasso thrown over the horns. Before turning over to the fighters the tips of his horns are sawn off; nature having generally made them sufficiently sharper than his tormentors consider altogether desirable. On the platform and under a red curtain which is fastened over every seat is the "juez" or judge, with his secretary by his side and a trumpeter behind him. Below him at the numerous who discourse very tolerable music appropriate to the occasion.

HOW THEY DRESS.

When everything is ready and the hour for commencing (generally 4:30 P. M.) has struck, the judge's trumpeter indulges in a most discordant blast and the performers enter. First come two "cabalos" or "pallanos," next four or five "toreros," single file and last, in the unmanted "epicador" or "topador," as they call him at Monterey. The "cabalos" in this part of the country are generally dressed to represent "pallanos," or clowns, in red dresses and with their faces whitened and mustached with black. They ride in to hand the "banderillas" to the banderillero, to pick up the broken fragments of the former and to make themselves generally useful. The dress of the "toreros," or bull-fighters, is a showy one. Short jackets of bright colored silk, richly embroidered front and back, sometimes with silver, sometimes with gold lace, knee breeches of silk and also embroidered; knee breeches of silk, to match the jackets; white stockings and pumps sensible to set off their sturdy limbs to the best advantage. On their heads they wear a cap or bonnet of some dark, soft, rough material, with a projection on either side having somewhat the appearance of hanging dog's ears; at the back of the head is a circular bow or knot of black silk, fastened on by a string round the forehead and looking rather like a woman's back hair. Each torero carries over his arm a light cape or cloak, of purple stuff, about three feet square and generally rather faded. The "topador" is plainly dressed in an ordinary gray felt "sombrero," round black jacket and cloth trousers. He is mounted on a sorry-looking horse and carries a stout lance, about nine feet long, to "spear" or stop the bull when he charges. The point is prevented from penetrating deeply into the animal by a knot or ball placed close to the end of it, leaving only about an inch of steel blade exposed. Over the right eye of the horse is a bandage. On the right side of the "topador" and fastened to his saddle-horn hangs a broad sheet of leather, which covers the entire shoulders of the horse and the rider's leg all reaches below the horse's belly. The leg of the rider is further protected by a heavy, stiff leather boot, reaching to his knee.

THE SHOW BEGINS.

The bull-fighters having thus entered in single file, preceded by the "pallacos" and followed by the "topador," they continued to advance into the arena until opposite the judge's seat, where they form in line, with the topador behind them and salute, making their caps. They then scatter themselves over the ring, the topador takes up his position close beside the door of the narrow pen, so as to be out of the way of the first rush of the bull, a trumpet sounds; the pen door is thrown back and the bull, whose feelings are consequently hurtby the uproar, dashes with a bellow and inserting into his body a paper rosette, with a barbed point attached to it, rushes hellion-like into the ring, under the impression that he is thereby hurting somebody, keeping his own body carefully out of reach of the horns and jumping out of the way as soon as the bull has made his first charge. The topador meanwhile has started towards the bull, keeping his leather-shielded side carefully towards him. If the bull is a good bull duty for the topador as soon as he sees him. The topador receives him on the point of his lance and, after the bull has battled the horse furiously in the ribs and belly three or four times (most of the blows being received on the feather and thereby rendered comparatively harmless), he generally retires, not relishing the feel of the lance-point, which the topador has at this time been industriously digging into him. Sometimes, however, the bull prefers to stay until the horse, generally a feeble specimen of his kind, falls over, and his rider, of course, with him. The horse immediately rises to his feet and endeavors to divert the attention of both from the fallen pair, being generally successful in a charge.

PLANTING THE BANDERILLAS.

After the topador has retired and regained a proper four charges of the bull the banderillas business begins. The "cabalitos" is a single stroke or road, about a foot in half long, profusely decorated with tinsel and colored paper, at I armed with a sharp barbed point. One of the pallanos leads forward the bull from the side of the arena and stands in the path of the bull, who is about to act as "banderillero." The latter draws his cloth, takes a dart in each hand and places himself in position. The noise, sometimes by a judicious use of their cloaks, drive the bull towards the "banderillero," who, by stooping, leaping into the air, arching short, sharp curves and other gymnastic feats of a peculiar character and of all his nearest relatives, endeavors to attract his attention and goad him into action. The bull finally puts down his head and goes for the banderillero. The latter, as soon as the bull starts for him, starts also for the bull, running somewhat on a curved line, then and, coming out in front of the animal's nose, each a well-aimed dart at the moment when the bull aims a blow at him with his horns plants the two darts, one on each side of his back, just above the shoulder. When one considers that all this takes place while the two parties are going at full speed, and that the darts must be planted in the hollow of the bull's